



"EVERY PLANT WHICH MY HEAVENLY FATHER HATH NOT PLANTED SHALL BE ROOTED UP."

VOLUME

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1854.

NUMBER 34.

Christian Spiritualist,

THE SOCIETY FOR THE DIFFUSION OF SPIRITUAL KNOWLEDGE.

At No. 553 Broadway, New-York.

The CHRISTIAN SPIRITUALIST is published every Saturday morning.

Terms—Two Dollars per year, payable within three months. Ten copies for Eighteen Dollars; or, one person sending us ten subscribers will be entitled to a copy for one year.

SINGLE COPIES—Five Cents.

All business letters and communications should be addressed to the SOCIETY FOR THE DIFFUSION OF SPIRITUAL KNOWLEDGE, or, EDITOR CHRISTIAN SPIRITUALIST, No. 553 Broadway, New-York.

THE "LYRIC OF THE MORNING LAND."

BY S. LEVITT.

[CONTINUED.]

PART II.

HESPERUS.

In the "Interlude" the medium thus apostrophizes "sweet Hesper Phospor," as Tennyson calls the planet Venus—

"Happy star! happy star!
Where thou shinest, where thou art,
Thou dost lead like Maiden's heart—
Grief is far.

"Happy star! blessed star!
Where we wander through thy deep,
Said angels can not weep—
Grief is hid.

But we are pilgrims from a weary world,
Faded with long journeys of sad years;
In jagged ruin, lightning-burnt and rent;
The red volcano throbs a burning vent;
Upon our path—
There beauty smiles to fade in desolation,
And what we see—
Wrecks of a faded humanity!

And thou art seen
By us all then, when some beautiful dream,
Unreal, because bright;
Tears, tears are ours, shadow and gloom, and blight.

The storm with shipwrecks saw
Our oceans, and our caverns' death-deep
Filled with water, looms and mists of blue;
Within those darksome gulfs, the hungry shark
Lunges onwards, where the sunken barque
He sought, from far, the sunken barque
And waits his hapless prey.

Oh, what are we?—Doom
Sits upon us, in our time, our fate,
Darken our eyes; they see not Heavenly Spheres!"

Having once made his acquaintance, "the Lily" now drops in on him ever and anon as he journeys, just as Christ came to the sea-girt disciples—

"And as we sped, our winged and arrowy bark
Changed inwardly into a green alga;
And every leaf, from its surface, of love
Shone on me, for the Lily Queen was there;
And in communion sweet we bled and bled;
Unbroken thought, and unbroken love,
Her full heart now resolved itself in mine,
And we seemed to be one heart, one eye, one soul;
I felt her love through all my pulses run,
Like the first sunbeams through a new-born gem;
She smiled around us, and her voice was soft,
Of pure, white blossoms, 'Twas her voice, she said,
'Long time the crown of thorns upon thy head;
And when the 'White Lily' rose, 'and her speech
Was lovely as her thought."

Like a gentle air,
Like Heaven's first and light of day,
And soft as the form of light of day,
We notice next "Lily's" description of Hesperus scenes—

"To this in Hesper, the sweet soul abide
Whose light in the twilight of love
'Trance-spells' they are called; they appear
In the spirit's sense of sight; they reign
Perpetual in mind; moonlight, not theirs
To dwell in hope or memory; no cares
Disturb them for the part,
Or move them for the part,
Not what shall be; 'Enough,' they say,
To give the light of day, and feed for aye
On constant light, dreaming from his breast
These spirits are the wisest and the best
Of Hesper's many; and the light of day
Within a land of beauty glowed;
Where they practice subdued away,
Even almost, and almost, and almost,
And they are lovers more than all; their speech
Is love, and all the wisdom that they teach
Is loving; their light is love, and red;
In the first morning of their age they wed,
They name their children from the names of stars,
According to their wisdom, and their light;
The freedom of their thought; their heavenly eyes
Read the intent of all mysteries.
And they are calm as morning, and as light,
As bride-love sweet, and joyful as delight.
They call their Earth-born 'willows'; for they say,
Life dawns in twilight and unfolds bright day;
When they appear, like apples in May,
They fill the air; and when they pass away,
An odor lingers, and a light that lingers
Like frankincense; there are no burial urns
Among them; when they rise to Heaven, their souls
All vision; such is their light, and such is their
Their nature, that their dust exudes, sublimed,
Potential grows; and when they rise, they rise,
Till they like angels in electric robes,
Thread the aerial regions of their globe;
And when their work is ended, press
To Heaven unchanged, like light through clearest glass.
To die they have no pains for, but they say
'Transition,' and the 'Second Bright Day';
Death they call 'YOUTH,' and 'MIDNIGHT,' and the 'Lord.'"

Then she sings the "Bride Song"—

"We are gliding, we are gliding,
Where the truths that Heaven bestows,
Whispered are by souls abiding,
In Love's luminous lower of rose;
We are gliding, we are gliding,
To the Lover's star of love.

Again, Spirits sing "The Song of the Conjugal Angels"—

"The Angels of Conjugal Love
Are beautiful and true;
They dwell on mountain heights above—
Companions of the Day.
And all their thoughts are very bright,
And all their dreams are sweet;
Their pulses with an infinite
Delight in music beat.

The Angels of Conjugal Love—
In God's own Heart they dwell;
In murmurs like the heavenly dove
Their voices joy they tell.
Of all the flowers that shed their sweets,
And thrill the heavenly air,
The joyous daisy that the world retreats,
The thornless rose is theirs.

They now reach a conjugal heaven—

"Enraptured in ray light, my Bride,
The Lily Queen, our threshold passed;
As one who dreams a blessed dream,
Yet fears it may not last,
Trampling I pressed the golden ledge,
That marked the Love-World's outer edge.

My feet were on the golden floor;
But, oh, what speechless bliss was mine;
My very heart with Love brimmed o'er,
And ecstasy divine.

That golden floor, that golden floor,
That forms the pavement of the skies,
Its touch inspires the bosom more
Than all material spheres.

The substance of celestial gold,
Is bright thought, exterior made;
No heart prefers to bosom cold,
May ever that hallowed sphere invade.

For should a base, adulterous power
Essay to touch that golden space,
Thrown headlong from the heavenly tower,
Aye, and plumes would end its race.

Each atom of the fluent air
Lies in solution heavenly balms,
But O the form that met me there!
I closed my eyes with my palms.

Beneath that spherical canopy
The Lily Maiden turned to me;
She placed her white hand on my breast,
And then, as if it were a nest

Of nightingale, my bosom thrilled,
Her soft hand's touch each joy distilled;
My bosom glowed as if a sun
Were warmed within.

'Look into thy left palm now,' she said;
A ruby here, 'Gaze therein.'
She spoke, I looked, and, wondering,
I saw a ray of Eden's light.

And Lily in her Angel form
Of pure, translucent loveliness;
(Such visions Love's own angels bless)
A jeweled halo called her form,
Her heart exhaled an effluence warm,
And as I gazed she said to me,
'Tis all for thee, 'tis all for thee!'

But his left palm within it holds
A crimson diamond; he beholds
All his dear heart-Queen's thoughts therein.
She, through the 'diamond,' talks to him,
And when that dearest hand is laid
Upon the breast, the breast is made
An inward Heaven. No mortal mind
Save through conjugal love, can find
The bliss it craves; 'tis only known
Where angels crown the two-in-one.

Without conjugal love man dies;
His mortal nature perishes; lies;
He loses likeness to his God,
And sinks into a sensual clod.

The human form on earth,
Through some celestial lies;
The human mind in heartless mirth
Conjugal love denies.
The distance that lies between
Mankind and Heaven, to Angels seem
Or near or far as in the heart
They come to love, from love depart.

'In all the full heart's boundless bliss,
Tell me, sweet Lily, then I said,
'Why evermore from scenes like this
My thought to lower earth is led?
I see thy radiant Angelhood,
I feel thy soft and mild caress,
My Spirit by thy love, still treads
The wind that waves thy shining tress
Bears heavenly odors in its breath;
But evermore my thought returns
To the dark world of sin and death,
Where life is vain and anguish breeds,
The Lily said, 'Thy thoughts descend
To earth because thou lovest its race.'

In this portion of the book Mr. Harris often speaks of himself, his sorrows, and his aspirations, in a most touching strain; but we may not quote.

We extract from "The Marriage of Apollo" one striking passage—

"There was an ancient Sage, more old
Than any man of mortal race;
He seemed forgot and left by Time;
But when he spoke, he dropped divine
Oracular sayings, such as these:
'Continued rivers make full seas;
'Tis the sweetest music of the world;
Stars breed like birds and multiply;
Death seasons food of richest taste;
Experience knows not haste or waste;
The sunset bath pilots twain;
The womb of wealth grows big with pain;
While the cowardly Love heart-chill;
Death comes from fearlessness of will;
Bosom laid bare from lovers' lips;
Death ends as doth the Sun's eclipse;
Such sentences distilled and fell
From him; and as a cool, deep well,
More potent than the waters of life,
More sparkling than its recess dim,
That with perpetual stars is bright,
And e'en more potent than the light,
So in that aged Sage the snow
Of years concealed thought's diamond flow,
And in his deep, expectant eyes,
Forever shone the upper skies."

PART III.

THE SUN.

The latter half of the book consists mostly of joyous outbursts of unearthly melody; which bubble up with a most unmistakable spontaneity—

One of the first of these gems we meet is where "Echo" is summoned—

"Echo, Echo, wind thy golden shell,
Hunt the hearts of lovers true;
To mortal man's love, lead the way;
All today I sing to you.
Did the tripping tresses return
To the kisses of your dear lips;
Did the daisy's white petals
Fill with sport the silver glen;
Did the sweetest strains of love
Live to every wood-note and bird;
Wood-nymphs home secure to be;
And the wood-doves, secure their all
To recount thy fairy tale.

Echo, Echo, Echo sweet,
Haste thee from thy secret retreat;
Lead the daisy's white petals,
Down the purple slopes of Time,
While the heavenly rhymer keeps
Love-watch o'er their flowery steep.
Be to them, as well as we,
Metamorpher of Song, and we,
As thou circlest in thy light,
Will thy listening ears delight
In the sweetest strains of love,
Changed in feature, not in now,
Faded with notes of human love,
Shalt with joy immortal glow."

Echo, Echo, wind thy horn,
Fill with bliss the Earth's form;
While the heavenly rhymer keeps
Love-watch o'er their flowery steep.
Be to them, as well as we,
Metamorpher of Song, and we,
As thou circlest in thy light,
Will thy listening ears delight
In the sweetest strains of love,
Changed in feature, not in now,
Faded with notes of human love,
Shalt with joy immortal glow."

It would be difficult even for Edward Beecher to believe that such lines come from the woeful heart of an evil Spirit, as these from "The Song of the Seasons"—

"Graciously, gleefully, trippingly go
O'er the lush mountains of green and the rose;
Joyfully, untroubled, lovingly sing
All the sweet birds in the ear of the Spring.
Hopefully, carefully, joyfully
Scatters her smiles o'er the mountain and sea.

Summer descends like a Bridegroom, whose glow
Crimson the blossoms the spring made to blow;
Spring is his bride, and she sits at his feet,
Valled in his glory, but ruling him sweet;
Spring through the Summer shines over the plains;
Spring in the Summer-king's innermost reigns."

In "The Eve Song" we are told that—

"There are flowers that gladden
But in eve-light sweet;
Hours of Angels listen;
What the flowers repeat;
These flowers are unto them inspired with truth complete.

For from Heaven's that finer
Glow, beyond, above,
Filled with souls divine,
In the bliss of love,
Descend celestial hymns, that through the night-dewers move."

As specimens of the fairy songs, we give first a part of "The Song of the Midnight Fairies"

"First the golden child, Romance—
Sing, Life is sweet, sing, Life is sweet—
Teach the Fairies how to dance—
The golden strain of love repeat.

He dwelt on Eden's azure slope,
And saw Apollo there asleep,
A star-bright child, who, crowned with hope,
Was set his shepherd flock to keep.

All the Fairies danced and sang—
Sing, Love is sweet, sing, Love is sweet—
And then the pulse of Song began
In child Apollo's heart to beat.

Fairies wound the silver horn,
In the sleeping Church's ear,
And then the spell of Rhyme was born
Within the deep heart's music-sphere.

Fairies kissed the sleeping eyes—
Sing, The fresh May-dew is sweet—
Then celestial melodies
Within his heart began to beat.

Thus the Golden Fairies first—
Sing, my heart, the golden rhyme—
Fed his sleeping heart, at first,
For sweet Song's immortal wine.

Meadow Fairies came to him,
Clad in robes of lilj-white,
Kissed his lips, and silver-dim
Bade him sing of Love's delight.

So the Child Apollo grew,
Nursed by Fairies in his sleep,
While he slumbered 'mid the dew
With his blessing mountain sheep."

And again, "The Song of the Violet"—

"There came a Fairy lass, and sang:
'O maiden dear, attend, attend!
When first on Earth the Violet sprang,
Each Earthly Maid had Fairy friend.

Who whispered in her ear by night—
Sing, Heart, my heart, the melody—
And so the violet grew more bright
Within her eyes from day to day.

Wake, Fairies, wake, from field and glen,
Wake, Fairies, on your azure steep,
For ye shall throng to earth again,
And sing to Maidens in their sleep."

The Medium's return to this prosaic world is thus described—

"Oh! life of love in Heaven,
For thee I yearn;
Yet, from bright morn to even,
I turn, I turn.

The Heavens are all receding;
Once more I tread
With feet all bruised and bleeding,
Earth's regions dead.

Tumult and storm roll terribly beneath me;
And mortal Night
Seeks with its woes and agonies to wreath me,
But still there's Light.

Earth is not as it was; Heaven's radiant Anzels
Thrill the dark atmosphere with songs divine;
The Christ-descend, fondled in God's Embrace,
All hearts shall quicken as it quickeneth mine."

SPIRITUALISM VS. MATERIALISM.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CHRISTIAN SPIRITUALIST.

Sir: I make no apology for addressing you, feeling as I do, the importance of true Spiritualism to the well being of society and to the welfare of the whole human family, and as a Spiritualist, feel I have the right to comment upon the proceedings of the general body. By general body, I mean those of the Spiritual community who take upon themselves a public prominence at the Conferences. My strictures, I would have it understood, are not intended to apply to the whole of these gentlemen, for some—but alas, their number are but few—have had their interior perceptions opened, and know truly, the meaning of Spiritual affinity; the only true bond which knits man with man through the fount of the all-centered Power or Spirit.

I am anxious, most anxious, that the reality of Spiritualism should be known, for if it were known as it should be known, no more would it meet with the mockery of the world, but would be universally recognized by man, for its one great element is the Spiritual affinity of man with the eternal God.

It cannot be expected the world should receive and reverence a doctrine, faith if you will, of the principles of which those who profess to be its votaries are not themselves agreed. For the Spiritualists, so called, to their shame be it said, have more secrets amongst them than ever agitated the Christian Church, for every Spiritualist is a sect of himself. Well may the reproach to the primitive Christian Church be applied to them. It is not Paul, Apollos, or Cephas, or in other words, it should not be Davis, or Edmonds, or Fishbough, or this, that, or the other name, but truth wherever it is to be found, the one source, the one bond, the only truth and reality. Spiritual affinity should be acknowledged by all, and should be the all-holy cement, the bond of their union.

Whenever a journal called Spiritualist is taken up, what is found? Arguments grossly material in their tendency and inane observations on Life, Death, Eternity. The objection is not to the titles, for if properly treated, the subjects are all-important, and serve to throw light upon the immortality of the soul. It is to the consciousness of such titles the objection is taken. From them one would be led to imagine the world was one vast arena of Infidelity—Materialism a mere battle-ground for contending opinions. It is to be regretted, that in the world there are men who make a boast of atheism; by this word, I mean the denial of the immortality of the soul—an existence in a future state. I have met with such, and on probing their belief, I have always detected an interior consciousness of an eternal existence. It was but the other day I visited a friend, who lay as he conceived, upon the bed of death. After a desultory conversation, the subject of the immortality of the soul was introduced, when he said he had no belief in a future existence. Well, I said, but what becomes of the body? Oh! he said, that is resolved into the elements, and reappears in new forms. Granted, I said, and continued, does not your philosophical knowledge lead you to recognise a fixed law in the things of Nature? Truly, was the answer. Then, it is only by analogy that conclusions can be arrived at concerning things not cognizable to the ex-

ternal sense. This he admitted. Then, I asked, what became of the mind and the internal consciousness? for if matter is eternal, analogy would lead us to the conclusion that which directed it in the state called man, must also be indestructible. This, after some hesitation, he admitted, and that mind, which he termed soul, was a something distinct from the material composing the animal frame, and must as well as the elemental particles exist forever. With seeming carelessness, I then asked what became of it? He thought for a moment, and then said it was disengaged from the elemental or material portions of the body, went forth into the universe and formed that which man terms beauty. Thus, the flowers exist in their perfectness of tint and form only as they are animated by that Spirit which formerly was resident in man. My reply was, that which he stated was the ultimate of Spirit-existence, perhaps was its first state in particles, after being exhaled from the great and eternal essence, the uncreated God. I have given this little episode, as I believe it forms a truthful illustration of man's interior Spiritual perceptions. His admission of the eternity of matter, and which he could not deny, because science has proved it, precluded him from arguing that, though matter existed forever, yet the mind or soul ceased to exist. If he denied its separability, then, it must exist in the material form, so that argument would not avail. He was thus, then, forced to admit it had a separate existence, and analogy prevented him from arguing that, on separation, it ceased to exist. He was thus forced to particle it and Spiritualize each atom, and so give beauty to the material form. Not one instance of this kind, but many I have met with in my experience. Quiet observation I have invariably found has elicited some recognition, however low its order, of a future existence, and in many instances, the little seed sown has induced thought which has expanded until the mind had been led to abandon the dark and gloomy thought of future annihilation.

The articles I have above alluded to, viz: Life, Death, Eternity, I do not see they further the end they propose, and that because of their general want of logical distinctness, I do not find in them either argument or convincing proof.

Spiritualists themselves, (I am about to make a grave charge,) by their illogical mode of arguing, afford the world a handle to charge them as Materialists. I am a frequent attendant at the several Spiritual Conferences held in this city, not as a speaker, but as a listener, and sorrowing, find when the high truths of Spiritual philosophy are propounded at them, the audience stare at the speaker in utter amazement, evidently endeavoring to catch the thought, and at the same time afford unmistakable evidence that they do not understand the proposition. It was but a few evenings back, that at 300 Broadway, a gentleman endeavored to explain to the meeting the distinction between the palpability (want of a word obliges the use of this one) of Spiritual perceptibility and Material perceptibility. One or two of the usual speakers endeavored to answer him, and their observations showed their utter unacquaintance with the subject. One of them accused the speaker of using an inverse argument, progressing backwards. The truth he uttered, in its reality was a truth, and had been disclosed to me in writing some ten months back in the following words:

"4. In Nature all is order, and affinity is the governing principle. Sense, which is matter, has affinity with matter. Spirit, which is essence, (as contradistinguished from matter,) has affinity with the interior and immaterial, for both are of essence.

"5. Spirit is not matter or substance. It is essence, it is a something, and real and in form, yet not matter, nor even is it matter sublimed. Man, judging by his senses, says that something must be matter or nothing. I tell you, No! Man must so judge because of his finite powers. There is yet in the universe a something which is not matter with form, and to cognate properties or principles palpable to the touch but not palpable for distinction to the gross perception of man. As God is in being, so is the immaterial of man in its nature, and it is by its cognate power that God with man has affinity."

I have given you the words as I received them. It was only by the most patient investigation, thought, and Spirit-aid, I was enabled to perceive their truth.

Are not, I would ask, one and all of the speakers, not the two only, amenable to the reproach so liberally heaped on the gentleman in question? whose (I am impressed to write this) interior nature has been opened, and who is now beginning to unthread the mystery of SPIRITUAL AFFINITY, too long lost sight of.

Can it be wondered at, that the outside world should scoff at Spiritualism, when its votaries argue materialistically? when one of their grand propositions is, THAT SPIRIT IS THE ULTIMATE OF MATTER. I confess, on taking the proposition to pieces, (it formed for a long time a stumbling block in my way,) I can only find they mean to say, that matter is finally evolved in Spirit. A false theory, I would in all humility suggest, was never propounded for the consideration of man. Are we forever to go backwards? As well might they argue that water is the ultimate of a drinking vessel, and with more truth, because the properties of each are cognate, both being matter. What does such a proposition lead to? That each atom of matter is sublimed into Spirit. Spirit is infinite in power, (for Spirit and God are one. I do not mean to be understood to say that man's Spirit and soul are one with God or ever will be,) ergo each atom of matter will become a God. If so, what becomes of the unity and harmony? How many Gods are there since

time first was? (for to the unprogressed atom time has its order.) Better were it they unloosed the pantheism of the old world than propound a theory so utterly inconsistent with their professions, which may be summed in the word HARMONY.—Does not their argument ignore their fundamental principle? What then shall the outer world think when so preposterous a proposition is advanced by men who claim to have cast aside the absurdities of the Old Faiths, and profess to be guided by the lamp of reason? Are the facts manifested hourly nothing? or do they cast them aside in the mere affectation of singularity?

I am led to make these observations because I adore God in the reality of His being; adore Him as a something cognizable to my interior perceptions, because of the AFFINITY which exists between my soul and His essence, and therefore perfectly to be comprehended in the interior state.

Times and often, I have heard men stand forth at those Conferences, and unblushingly proclaim that they do not understand God, therefore cannot define Him. Is a definition necessary for interior comprehension? (In one of the many instructions a Spirit has favored me with, the Eternal essence or God has been described. The length of my letter prevents me transcribing it here, but in a future letter it shall be forthcoming.) I would ask how is it possible they can worship that they do not understand? Appreciate that they do not know?—If man is to worship, he must worship understandingly. It must be a tangible presentment to the interior perceptions and clear. An immortality without God was an absurdity. It was death; the outer darkness; the Eternal void; the unfathomable gulf; inanition; annihilation!! Does not such an argument rightly hold forth the faith they stand forth to teach (it is the right phrase) to the ridicule of the world? Can they wonder the press should team with articles against them, when they stand forth in the van of an absurdity? Are they not amenable to the reproach of the Ephesians whom St. Paul so logically corrected, when he found an altar inscribed to the unknown God? Should Spiritualists wonder that the world should treat these truths as absurdities, when men, claiming to be Spiritualists, unblushingly on their own platform, announce they know not that they worship? Yet these men will reject the Bible, covered truly with the moss of ages, yet not the less truthful, reject revelation, though they claim it for themselves. Profess to instruct the world. To rescue it from its ignorance and superstition. From following after a false faith. When men spread so wide a grasp, they should at the least offer an equivalent for that they would rend away. What is the harmony they profess to give in exchange—a something based on a something not comprehensible? Better than this, the world rightly says, is revelation with all its stumbling blocks. That these men should rightly understand that they profess to teach, before they stand forth as teachers. Better, do I say, any faith founded on the reality of a God, than wandering through the dim vistas of the future in search "of the cause of the effect."

Now, I would ask, whence comes this inconsistency, this mocking of men? for it is a mockery shameless and vile to invite men to leave an established faith, to unsettle the belief of years, in chase of what? A shadow, "a will-o'-the-wisp." No, but of a something they profess not themselves to know. The answer is obvious. It is caused by their own ignorance, through not understanding the reality of Spiritual existence, the nature of Spirit and matter, their confounding of the two, the elevating their own external nature, the assumption of properties and attributes which they do not possess, and never mere external man did, their adherence to the things of sense, their wilful adherence to, and search after, mere physical manifestations, but above all their not understanding AFFINITY. To all this and more, have I been amenable, but blessed be God, the veil has been rent away, I have been instructed, and yet patiently await it. If Spiritualists would learn, let them do as the Fathers of the primitive church did, as all must do, who desire Spiritual aid. In the silence of their own chambers, in the solitude of their own hearts, pray for the awakening of their interior natures, and he who is rich in Grace will lead them to glory.

The mystery of Spiritualism is couched in one sentence. "In the beginning was the word, the word was with God, the word was God." Its golden rule—"Do unto men as ye would they should do unto you." Its principles—Love, Charity, Harmony. The key stone of the arch—Affinity.

In conclusion, I would say, I do not aim to be a teacher, but have ever sought to be instructed rather than to instruct, but I have listened and listened until a weight had grown on my heart, which could only thus find relief. I have written as I was impressed, without alteration. I had prepared another paper, but it was rejected for this. And to my Spiritual brethren in all love, would say, may the words of which I have been the medium for transcription have their due weight, and subscribe myself,

S. C.

New York, Dec. 18th, 1854.

The definition of God alluded to in my letter is as follows, copied verbatim.

The word sublimation in a preceding chapter having perplexed me, I was led to inquire into its nature, and framed the following questions.

Question. What is God? Am I permitted to inquire, and of His attributes and His gifts to man?

Answer. The unity, trinity or trinity, indivisible entire one, of power, of love, of truth, entire in will, not persons, but attributes. He is sole, alone, supreme, existing everywhere by His law, and when

He wills to be, present, creator of all by His power. Acceptor of all by His love, carrying conviction to all by His truth. These are the attributes by which He is connected with man.

The inmost of man is an emanation from the Infinite, not God, yet of God, and when perfected by obedience through love, impelled by truth, accepted by the power, dwelling with the Highest, existing in love, and in love and truth perfected. This perfection when attained, is the dwelling with God, of God, yet not in God. For God is indivisible, and supreme, and dwells alone in the shroud of His glory, which is every, concentrated, entire yet emitted. With God, time is not, space is not.—With the accepted, there is no future. All is the entirety of the present, for to the perfected will all things are present; not to be sought, but present, existing in the reality of existence, not sensuous, but of essence. As that now is, the soul or inmost of man is; finite yet in power as the illumination of God's will is with it, an existence of light with all knowledge, and perfect of will, as of the infinite will, yet not the infinite will. Finite only in relation to the will of the Infinite; actuated by truth, drawn by love, existing in power, less only than the infinite will, besides that all power, existing in harmony, and congregated, not with the will of the Infinite, but in the congregation of finites. Existing in individuality, yet as one will, for order, and harmony, and affinity are universal, undeviating and impulsive. Such is the inmost of man when accepted to perfection; existing by the attributes of God, and perfected by acceptance in love, thro' the mediation of love, and by the power of the Spirit, which is truth.

Ques. I then asked whether this was the sublimation spoken of in the other chapter.

Ans. It is.

I then unconsciously wrote upon the paper, the answer is opposite to the thought I at present entertain.

Ans. Study to know, and you will know the truth. After a pause of a moment or two, my thought was answered.

Ans. If man were accepted into God, then were the infinitude of God capable of augmentation. It were not then infinitude, for infinitude is the perfection of perfection, and if it, that is infinitude, could receive additions, then were it only infinitude when all the additions were incorporated.

Ques. The acceptance of Jesus Christ into the God-head—was it not an augmentation?

Ans. No. For God is indivisible. Christ was man even as you are man in his own nature, but perfected, for he had power within him to subdue the flesh. The Spirit which was in Christ was not an emanation, but perfect even of God, and as God, God. In love the form of man was assumed, that man by that assumption might truly know his nature. The Spirit of Christ was in existence before his man form, from the first, for ever; when God was, that was, for that was God, existing in individuality, yet existing with the Infinite, and of the Infinite, sole, and indivisible. Therefore, was not God augmented; He but resumed to himself, that which was himself; not an emanation but an essence existing in the reality and perfectness of the Infinite.

Here the communication ceased. About a year afterwards, I was making a copy of the above, and whilst pondering over it, for even in that lapse of time, I had not quite mastered the subject, was written through my hand, to the purport as follows:

Why do you pause so amazed? Do you not believe that God is omnipotent, omnipresent? If then omnipotent and omnipresent, could there be any difficulty as to His being actually present in the person of Christ, and at the same time, wherever else He willed to be? If this were not so, then were His omnipotence limited, and He were not Infinite, for if He were subject to control, then that which controlled Him were greater than He.

I regret I have not by me the exact words; the purport is as above, but more tersely and forcibly put. It is unnecessary for me to say this argument put to flight my scruples, and enabled me to view the subject in its true light.

NAPOLEON III.—"The same man who landed at Boulogne in 1845 with a single steamer and a few friends on a desperate and abortive expedition, revisits it in 1854 to review a vast army and receive the homage of countless spectators. The same man who six years ago lived in obscurity in London, scarcely able to pay his tailor's bill, and quite unable to pay his horse dealer's bill—whom many looked upon as a stupid and whom none looked upon as wise—of whom few augured well and whom few would trust much—we have just seen receiving the visits and compliments of the consort of our Queen, entertaining three royal guests at his table—one of them the son-in-law of the very monarch whom he had succeeded—and admitted beyond all denial into the social circle of royal personages. Nor is this change in his singular fortunes the only one, nor perhaps, the greatest. We can imagine him smiling with even a more grim satisfaction as he contemplates the language of the English press regarding him in 1854 and now; sitting with the Times or the Examiner of December 1851 or of August 1854 before him—and marvelling at the metamorphosis—the unmeasured abuse which was showered upon him at the former date, and the decorous respect and cordial

THE FAIR FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE RAGGED SCHOOL.

According to the published notices of this Fair, things were in readiness on Thursday evening, December 21, to receive the friends that came at an early hour, to see the labor and handiwork of the ladies. The Hall was nicely decorated with evergreen, laurels, and flags of nearly every color.—Those were most conspicuous that were best known, and the use made of them was well calculated to set off the Hall to the best advantage. The ends and sides of the Hall were occupied by well-furnished tables, each having two or more ladies in attendance.

As we enter the door, on the right, the tea and coffee table invites us to stop, as Mrs. Burton and Sykes are active in supplying the demands of the occasion. Next is a long table filled with a very nice selection of confectionery, which is watched over by three ladies, Mrs. Dr. Hatch, Mrs. Fitzgerald, and Mrs. Underhill, who do all in their power to make the cakes, &c., inviting. Here is the large cake, cut up into ever so many slices, with the ring in it, and other things of a like kind, to give pleasure and inspire cheerfulness while chasing fortune through the variations of lottery. Next is the table of fancy articles, book-marks, dolls, toys, &c., and which Mrs. Levy and Mrs. Humbleton have placed in a very attractive position. This is headquarters for the juvenile fraternity, who in thinking of "Cris Cringle" and merry Christmas, make provision for the "good time coming." Next is a table of "dry goods," with assortments for the young Miss, or the well developed lady. Here are displayed ribbons, bows, &c., up to Norma cloaks and furs, some of which are to be sold by lottery, Mrs. Fitzgerald and Brintall doing their best to make things attractive to the passers by who are in search of Mrs. Bradley's SPIRIT-DRAWINGS, to be seen for 25 cents. Mrs. B. has her own department and seems very much at home, as she explains the progress and development of her mediumship, and points out the peculiarities of the drawings. Next is Mrs. Whitney's table, covered with food of an intellectual and Spiritual kind, with the very characteristic sign of a *meeting house*. This very ingenious piece of shuff-work is the product of Mrs. Whitney's patience and amusement, during his convalescence from a very severe sickness. Mr. and Mrs. W. are active in calling the attention of the passers by to the many works on Spiritualism here offered for sale. Now we are at the post-office, which we see at a glance is got up in the very nicest style. Of course there is a letter, which we get from the hand of Mrs. Gilman or Miss Hook, full of good advice and counsel. While we attempt to read, however, the sight of some *loquacious* invites attention, and for a time, we are sadly at a loss to know what to do, so many attractions, so many willing to accommodate us, at the lowest prices, so that in self defence, we buy.

Then Mrs. Brayton has to say a word about partiality, &c., as she has charge of the next table, which has many very nice articles in the ladies' department. We are at a loss, however, what to do, as we see Mrs. Taylor and Mrs. Emsun looking at us from the next table. We have now nearly made a circuit of the room, and stop before a long, well-filled, and variously ornamented table, attended by Mrs. Levy, Miss Middlebrook, and others, where ham, turkey, pickled oysters, pies, cakes, &c., are inviting the attention of the many now coming into the Hall. Mr. H. Waters, of No. 233 Broadway, is at the Piano, and music soon attracts the attention of all. For an hour, Spiritual songs are sung, and lively tunes are played, all of which give life and cheerfulness to the occasion.

Amid this attraction, the merry voices of the little Misses with their *grub-bags*, reminded us of the wonders of the deep—deep bag, as we thrust the arm down for a chance.

The Hall is quite full by this time, and the snile of recognition is playing on the features of all, as they go on pushing through the crowd. For fear, however, of any excitement, the audience is informed that Mrs. Wiley is in attendance with ice cream, for all that may need cooling.

With such a combination of things to make folks happy, and so many willing to aid in making all feel pleasant, what wonder that some *laughed right out*, just as the impulse prompted. The occasion was indeed happy, and its influence will be long remembered, for the charity that prompted the getting up of the Fair was seconded in every practical way by the good nature and accommodating dispositions of the ladies whose names we have already given. There were others, ladies and gentlemen, workers all, who attended the door, carved the turkey, &c.

Each did with a willing and cheerful spirit what the occasion called for, and general harmony was the result. The evening was far advanced when Mrs. A. Rose was introduced to the audience, who made some very appropriate remarks on the necessity of educating the young. Mrs. R.'s remarks were listened to with marked attention, as she has traveled much in the United States, and has known much experience as a Reformer. Her commendation of the Fair, and the purpose to which it was devoted, was warm and eloquently spoken, and appreciated by the audience.

Mr. Jones, of Boston, followed in some very pertinent remarks. This gentleman had been connected with the House of Reformation, where he had seen much of the good and bad of juvenile life, and his testimony was, that children are generally good by nature, and bad only by the accidents of parentage, misfortune and neglected education.—His subsequent experience in the Blind Asylums, confirmed this view of the subject, which prompted him to make some practical remarks on the many ways children might be employed and made useful to themselves and others. Thus closed the first evening.

Friday, through the day, a fair business was done, and in the evening, the Hall was again filled with a happy and cheerful audience. During the evening, there was music from a variety of singers, and some remarks from S. B. Brittan, Editor of the Spiritual Telegraph, and J. H. W. Tooley.

Saturday evening closed the Fair, when it was proposed to give a Christmas dinner to the children of the Ragged School. The remaining pies, cakes, &c., were donated for that purpose. Cheerfulness and unanimity of feeling characterized the Fair, and many little tokens of regard, which the ladies of the Fair made present of to Mrs. Wiley, Mrs. Whitney and others, will long be remembered as tokens of friendship.

Christmas day at the Rooms of the Ragged School, 695 Sixth Avenue, was a cheerful and pleasant day. Word having been sent to the children that a dinner and treat were in preparation for them, some fifty or more of the School, boys and

girls, were got together by 2 o'clock, P. M. It was a pleasant sight to see these children in the enjoyment of the occasion. There were a number of visitors present, who enjoyed the interview as much as the children, as it was an occasion of rejoicing to them to know that such a good work had commenced.

The children had first a good substantial meal of soup and bread, after which, each had cake and pie, nuts, candy, &c. After dinner, the children took their seats, and sung two or three of their little hymns, which were executed in a very happy manner, Miss Dow directing and taking the lead. This was a very pleasant sight to the friends in attendance, and prompted Mr. Charles Partridge to make some remarks which were of a very practical character. The children gave attention to his counsel and advice, and seemed to understand the meaning of his words. Mr. Horace H. Day followed in a very pleasing and affectionate address to the children, which had the effect of making them feel happy and cheerful while giving them the plainest and best advice. During the afternoon, Mr. S. S. Jones, of St. Charles, Ill., Editor of the Keene County Democrat, made some remarks of a very plain and practical character. He was delighted to know that the Ragged School effort had commenced, as he thought it would be suggestive of effort and enterprise elsewhere.

The meeting closed by prayer and singing. We are not able to state how much will be realized by the Fair, but something, we know, has been accomplished, as it has brought together men and women who are determined to stand by the enterprise and give it the helping hand, so often as their means and other duties will permit. It is to be hoped, beside, that the lesson taught by this labor of love, may not be without its true value, for, if there is benefit in education, any thing that tends to make us thoughtful for the wants of others, charitable to their short coming, and benevolent in the hour of need, that must be considered true education.

Still, the philosophy of all such enterprises is poorly understood. It is more an *impulse* than a practical part of religious life, and we hope the friends of Spiritualism will commend the religion they profess to love and honor, by deeds worthy of themselves and humanity. It is true that there are difficulties to be overcome, prejudices to be subdued, and angularities and antagonisms to be harmonized in this labor of love; but the man and woman who looks at Spiritualism as a religion, to be incorporated in life, a something calculated to give vitality and inspiration to being, they will not fail to know the *secret* by which this can be accomplished.

We are happy in being able to say that the ladies and gentlemen that have met at our Rooms from time to time, in getting things ready for the Fair, have so far overcome prejudice, that while working for humanity they forget many of the *theological* differences that may otherwise divide them. If the world waits for unanimity in opinion, before it commences to practice the humanities of its religion, we may grow strong intellectually, but the kingdom of heaven will still be far off, and humanity will still have to accept the degrading qualification of "poor."

It is in contemplation, therefore, to get up an organization for the purpose of aiding and sustaining all schools that may have a like mission to the Ragged School, as this is *not* only the best, but the only true way to put an end to the *crimes* now common to the young of our cities.

It may take some time to effect this, but the lessons and benefits of Fairs for the aid of Ragged Schools, will be none the less needed, nor useful in the meantime, so that we shall be happy to know that others will get them up, and we will be ever willing and ready to give the helping hand to any and all such enterprises.

The only thing we have to regret after thinking over the advent of the Fair, associates itself with the *clergy*, for out of the many invitations sent to the Rev. gentlemen of this and Brooklyn City, not one responded to the invitation in presence, and only one by *note*.

We try to think in charity that this was the result of pre-engagement and business, but we cannot help thinking that the *heresy* of Spiritualism was the main cause. Alas! for *poor* theology and worldly pride. We are inclined to think, however, that some of these gentlemen would have been with us had not other duties interfered, for we know some of them to be honorable men. "CHARITY SUFFERETH LONG AND IS KIND."

THE PERMANENT HAPPY EXISTENCE OF THE HUMAN RACE, OR THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE MILLENNIUM OF 1855.

ALL GOVERNMENTS, RELIGIONS, CLASSES, SECTS, AND PARTIES, IN ALL COUNTRIES, are invited to appoint and send delegates to a Meeting to be held in the Metropolis of the British Empire, on Monday, 14th May next, in St. Martin's Hall, to hear and explain "Glad Tidings of Great Joy to all Mankind," which will include the principles and the plain and easy practice by which all Governments may make, with the aid of their respective religious, every one from birth, good, intelligent, wise, united to all, and permanently prosperous and happy.

And as a preliminary measure, the TRADERS OF THIS METROPOLIS are invited to elect and send delegates to a meeting to be held in St. Martin's Hall, on Monday, January 1, 1855, at 7 P. M., to have explained to them, that they may explain to their constituents in London, and to their fellow workers over Great Britain and Ireland, the course which they will be recommended to adopt at the Great Meeting of Universal Delegates to be held as stated on the 14th May, on which day will be declared a coming change in the condition of the human race, without revolution or violence, to be effected in peace, with order and wise foresight, and without injury to any one of any class or any country, but with high lasting benefit to all who shall from birth be placed within the new conditions.

Let all who shall attend these two meetings, come in the spirit of pure charity for all men, and, with a right good-will to aid, and benefit them regardless of their class, creed, country, or color.

There will be no deception or secrecy in these proceedings; but the whole will be conducted with "Truth without mystery, mixture of error, or fear of man." And the glory of this elevation of mankind to a new phase in their condition will be alone to the God of the Universe, who evidently worketh all things in regular progress for the ultimate good and happiness of man.

ROBERT OWEN.

London, 25th Nov., 1854.

The above call for "A WORLD'S CONVENTION," came by the last European mail to one of our Society, to whom we are indebted for a copy. Cheerfully do we give it place, as it will be "*glad tidings of great joy*" to many of the Spiritual and reformatory family, to know that such a Convention is in contemplation. It is a sign of progress to some cheering, for it would be very strange indeed, while living in the midst of war, destruction and disorder, that no sign of promise came for a happier and better future. The war now so much talked of, is but the effect of the social disorders which has a being in the bad faith, bad morals, and no religion of the many antagonizing parties, and its corrupting influences will go far towards making the present policy of Europe so hideous to the good

sense of advanced and civilized minds, that great changes and modifications may be expected to be made in the future structure of society. This is the private conviction of many reflective minds not committed to any reformatory issues, nor anxious for change. The religious world, however, is full of prophecy of a change, that soon must come, not only to the structure of society, but to the forms and administrations of government, if social harmony is to be expected. Indeed, the conviction is nearly general, that we are living in the midst of a great revolution, the full nature and extent of which it were difficult to conceive of.

The Spirit of prophecy, the love of humanity, and the aspirations of a higher life, have ever looked forward to the "MILLENNIUM" as the time when the "desire of all Nations shall come," and the "glory of the Lord cover the earth as the waters cover the mighty deep."

That Robert Owen should be found *re-echoing* what has been his *faith* through a long and laborious life amid such expectations will astonish none who know the man, but many will be astonished, who are not already acquainted with the change that has come to his faith, and know not some little of the value he attaches to this manifestation of the inner life. Those who know Robert Owen only through the confused and discordant echoes of theological warfare as the *infidel* and opposer of all religions, will be pleased, and we hope, made happy in knowing that *Spiritualism* has been to him a light, indeed, that it has given him the needful evidence of another and a better life, both for the race on earth and the great family of God in the Spirit-land. This man, who has given his *all* to humanity, who in youth commenced to reform society by reducing to practice what others commended in prayers and theory, this man, who for years, has borne protest against all religions, and preached the dogmas of *Nothingness* and Atheism, because *duty* prompted the issue, this is the man, who gives in his adherence to Spiritualism, and in the light of a new and unfolding Gospel, sends forth this call for a WORLD'S CONVENTION. How many will respond to the call from this country, it were difficult to say, but we hope the subject will be thought of by the reformatory friends, as one among the many signs of the times that speak promise for the future and progress for the race.

While thinking of the *theological* errors of Robert Owen, we are reminded of Bulwer's very happy words, which should not only be his apology, but the stimulant of every man and woman, to know the true and live the right.

"The past is the past, there is a future left to all men, who have the virtue to repent and the energy to atone."

We do not wish to imply by this any of the popular *cant* that an unthinking and unwise public opinion has used against this man, for as we read the lesson of his life, the heroism of his deeds, the philanthropy of his Spirit and his devotion to his mission, *not to shame* the pretensions of the *anti*-sectarian and the brawling demagogue, be they ever so honored by theologies of the times. No, we mean that life is so *sacred* and its relations so vital to all the developments and unfoldings of the Spirit's progress, that any error, be it ever so small in itself, must be a thing of regret to the Spiritually conscious and religiously enlightened mind.

The conversion of Robert Owen to Spiritualism has been known for some months to society, and yet, we have noticed the silence of the theological press on this subject with surprise, and the conviction has been forced upon us, had Mr. Owen accepted any of the popular creeds, and joined any of the popular churches, this *silence* had not been so profound and general.

Men and brethren, this is all wrong, for, if you love to see *good done*, what matter who the medium, or by whom accomplished, so that it be good and humanity be exalted?

Rather "*rejoice evermore*," that new aids and instrumentalities are working with you and for the glory of God, since through Him and to Him shall be everlasting praise, by bringing *peace on earth and good will to man*.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE LILY WREATH OF SPIRITUAL COMMUNICATIONS; Received chiefly through the mediumship of Mrs. J. S. ADAMS. BY A. B. CHILD, M. D. New York: PATTERSON & BENTLEY, Boston: CROSBY, NICHOLS & CO. 1855.

This is one of the most beautifully got up books we have seen in a long time. It is a timely issue for the Holidays, and no doubt its present publication is designed to meet the demands of the season. The get-up of the work and its general execution, reflect the highest credit on all concerned.

We are happy in knowing our Boston friends think enough of Spiritualism, to do it up in such beautiful binding. Passing from the external dress to the communications and their Spirit, we are happy in finding that the internal is worthy of its handsome dress, for the entire volume breathes the Spirit of devotion to a higher life than is known to mortals, while affection and sympathy are ever knocking at the door of our better nature for fellowship and acceptance.

The work is not philosophical except to the *intuitive*, that grow into *rapport* with the wisdom of goodness, and the goodness of wisdom; as heat and light blend in the illumination and beautification of God's world.

There is, however, a strength and splendor in much of its simplicity, that reminds us of the best parts of the poems of Ossian. Instead, however, of the *warrior* worth that was given to the successful aspirant for martial fame, we have here the *Lily Wreath* offered to all who have any sympathy with the devotion of love, veneration for religion; aspiration for a better life, or hope of a *blessed* immortality. Had we room, it would be our delight to make such selections from this work as would confirm this statement. But we say to our young friends, if you wish to bestow a beautiful and at the same time a *pure* present, let the "Lily Wreath" be one of your selections. The religious mind cannot fail to feel the Spirit of these communications, although the phraseology may differ from that which custom has made familiar to the eye and ear.

THE LADIES' CASKET OF GATHERED TREASURES. Third edition. THE LADIES' VASE OF WILD FLOWERS; A Collection of Gems from the best Authors. By MISS COLMAN. Auburn: ALDEN, BEARDSLEY & CO. Rochester: WATZEL, BEARDSLEY & CO.

The above publications have been before the public long enough to have a *just judgment* pronounced on them, and it has been done in demanding that a *third* edition should be given to the reading many. These miniature volumes are indeed *millum in parvo*, as many of the best thoughts of our modern classics are here presented in a neat and handsome style.

THE INDEX, DEVOTED TO SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY AND PRACTICAL REFORM.

The above is the title of a forthcoming *Monthly Magazine*, the particulars of which are as follows: The Index will be published on Monday, the 15th day of January, 1855, and on the third Mon-

day of each succeeding month, by Thomas Price, No. 83 Dock-street, Philadelphia.

Terms: Single copies, 10 cents; single copies over \$1, six copies one year, \$5.

This periodical will be devoted mainly, but not exclusively, to the examination of the laws that govern the interior or Spiritual nature of the Universe, as evinced in the modern manifestations of Spiritualism, Psychology, &c.

Endeavor will be made to point out the intimate connection existing between these modern phenomena, the mysteries of the occult sciences, the inspirations of the ancients, and the effusions of genius in all ages of history.

Its columns will be open to communications from the various circles in this city and its vicinity.

Subscriptions are payable invariably in advance, as to present mistakes the magazine will be supplied only so long as paid for.

THOMAS PRICE, Publisher, No. 82 Dock-street, below Third.

We are assured by those who know Mr. Price, that this monthly issue will be worthy of Spiritualism and the cause of Reform. We are not informed as to the Editorship of the Journal, but all in good time the public will be able to judge for itself. We wish the enterprise success.

NEW MUSIC.

Horace Waters, the great Music Publisher, Manufacturer, and dealer in Piano Fortes, of No. 893 Broadway, New York, has sent us the following sheets of popular Music, published by him:—"I Know thou art Gone," duet; "Praise God for the Sunday School;" "The Grave of my Mother;" "Mary's Beauty;" "Wide Awake Rondo;" "Lily White Schottish."

Mr. Waters will present as a New Year's gift for 1855 one dollar's worth of Music, to be selected from his extensive and popular catalogue, to all who purchase of him the same amount previous to the 15th of January, and will forward both gift and purchase postpaid. A most liberal offer! One, however, characteristic of the great Publisher and Dealer, and of which we would advise our readers by all means to avail themselves.

MEDIUMS.

MR. EDITOR: I feel an irresistible impulse to write on the subject of Mediums, and the sources of their inspiration. My present design extends only to the class known as speaking Media. First, then, let me notice the first division, the *premier* legion, the victims of delusion. There always may be found a class of persons who intensely desire to *show off*, to exhibit their accomplishments, to manifest their wonderful abilities; and being made of very slender materials, they naturally lack that force which is essential to their taking a prominent stand among men, and in the fields of Letters, Art, Science and Reform. They are aware that they have not the requisite stamina to go ahead; they dread to make the attempt, and yet their vanity impels them forward. Now, to such persons, our modern Spiritism opens a wide door, and presents the plainest, broadest, and the best of fields. They become *speaking Media*, and having observed the *modus operandi* of the real article, they forthwith invest their proceedings in the garb, and assume the formulas recognized by the Spiritists as the standard; for, say they, if I make blunders, why, I am not held responsible therefor, but "the Spirits" must take that *onus* on their own shoulders; while if I succeed in impressing the people, the credit will attach itself to me, notwithstanding all that is said about the "responsibility of the thing," and the credit, if any there be, is rolled as a sweet morsel under the tongue. This class of Media is quite numerous, and as all things subserve a purpose in the great economy of things, so these individuals fulfil their part of the great drama, by assisting in what may, and at the first blush, certainly, does appear to be a reprehensible method of calling attention to the general subject. These Media are of two kinds: first, those who are knowing impostors, and another class, which may again be divided into two sections, comprehending those who by a wilful persistence in a falsehood, have at length come to believe it themselves, and those who have by a psychological process from surrounding or supermundane influences been brought to believe themselves to be what they are not. The distinction between them consists, in that one condition results from a laxity of morals, and the other from a constitutional weakness, whose origin is to be looked for in the physical department of their natures. All of this great general class are to be pitied but not despised, for the man of Nazareth telleth us "to love one another."

I now pass to the second sphere of speaking Mediumship, and this presents a subject for profound study. These are the Mediums in the proper sense of the term. They are always negative persons in some one department of their natures, and are ever and always sensitive to the last degree. They can *love*, Oh! how they can love! Their natures are gentle, smooth, and negative, that is to say, the genuine speaking Medium is never well calculated to succeed in the world. They are generally persons who have felt the cold, unfeeling blasts of the world till their hearts have been bled with anguish, whose souls have been bruised, and the channels of whose love have been driven back upon the fount from whence they issued, and who have thus been forced to look above and within, for that sympathy denied them here, and thus become infiltrated by a Spiritual atmosphere, and thereby become fit subjects of Spirit-power. Spirits act upon these persons in several ways, but in two mainly: first, they utterly subdue the *consciousness* of the individual, and then use him or her as the case may be, and of course, the person is to himself dead for the time being. Occasionally, the Spirits permit the consciousness to remain intact, but subdue the *will* or the volitional power of the Medium. This process is as follows: in the latter case, the posterior coronal regions of the Medium's brain is magnetized and utterly paralyzed for the time being. In the former case the regions between the two great hemispheres, including a section of each, is rendered dormant by the same method. The next great mode of Spirit-speaking is that of so acting on that mysterious thing, the mind, so playing upon that wondrous harp, that for the time being, the Medium may be said to be the person he personates, so complete is the hallucination thus produced. If these genuine speaking Media are not such persons as above described, they are of those gentle, innocent, angelic natures of whom Mrs. Stowe's little Eva is a splendid type.

I now pass to the most elevated and useful of all known media. They are seldom found perfectly developed, but "they are coming;" in fact, I know but three or four among the thousands of Media whom I have seen. One of these is R. P. Ambler, without doubt, the most perfect Medium of this (highest) class on earth.

These persons are an outgrowth of the last mentioned, who, by severe discipline, have become so etherealized that they *are* Spirits, and that is to say, they are of so divine a nature, that the whole being is absorbed in the grand Spiritual idea, and the soul battles in the free ocean of celestial truth. Jesus was such, and God grant we all may become

like unto him and other such Media. These people lead double lives. When they give external utterance to what their pure Spirit sees, they are frequently unconscious, but even that which comes through such pure channels is not to be relied on absolutely, because the Medium, however pure, always looks through his own spectacles, and gives us that which is seen from his stand-point. There is, still, another kind of Medium, intermediate between the last two mentioned. To give the rationale of this last would require more space than you can spare, for to do so would require a not very brief essay on the philosophy of metaphysics. Still, the facts are worth attention. Perhaps you can think better, clearer, closer with your eyes shut than when they are open, if not, some people can. Now, many persons become firmly impressed with the importance of an idea, either scientific, philosophical, or reformatory. Well, the same principle that closes your eyes when you are solving a difficult question in figures, for instance, if carried further, if operative on a more extended scale would magnetize you, that is, you would forget all else, become abstracted in the idea that fixed your attention. Thus, if a word, a phrase, a thought be uttered or suggested to some persons, they will either on the spot, or upon subsequent occasions, relapse into a semi-trance state, and repeat the idea, sometimes using the very terms in which it was clothed when first presented to their notice, and they will frequently enlarge and expand it to a great extent. These Media are transitional from negative (Spiritual) to positive, actual inspiration, such as inspired Christ. At another time I propose to treat of another branch of this great and interesting subject. Adieu till then.

P. B. R.

LETTER TO DR. DODS.

INTRODUCTORY NO. 1.

MY FRIEND AND BROTHER:—With the kindest feelings of respect and sympathy permit me, a stranger, to address you. Allow me to obtrude myself upon your attention for the purpose of an exchange of views on the contested point of "Spirit Manifestations." I am aware that you are, in many respects, well versed in the subjects of Magnetism, Clairvoyance, Psychology and other kindred sciences. That you are a proficient in the feature of experimental Magnetism must be admitted; but how far those principles are understood by you, the future must determine. I am also aware that any remarks coming from one, with so little of the scientific knowledge of the schools as myself, to assist them, might, by you, be deemed impertinent and officious, hence, while I present the ideas for your consideration, I beg leave to retain the authority from whence originate those ideas and to meet you with an anonymous signature.

All subjects capable of demonstration are liable to abuse, even from their friends; let me, therefore, entreat you to suspend your decisions upon me or my subject till such time or times as may seem appropriate for judgment to be administered.

You are by no means insensible to the approbation of others yourself, and would consider me an anomaly could I hope to retain my own knowledge of myself, without requesting you to also retain yours, therefore, permit me to say, that I do not expect you as an individual to surrender up any of your own rights of judgment, but to allow me and all others the same privilege as you claim for yourself, viz: the capability of judging for yourself.

Now, let me suppose a case: you are in a darkened room, and I am in another darkened room alone, you behold, or fancy you do, a light upon the wall, and exclaim to yourself, "O, see there, that light!" I hear you, and exclaim to myself, "what a fool to be thus talking to himself!" You hear me and again speaking to yourself, reply, "which is the greater fool, you or I, for you are talking to yourself likewise!" And thus, the contest commences, each speaking to the other through himself, till all patience is exhausted and all decorum sacrificed! Thus a war of words is waged upon nothing, and instead of questioning the possibility of your vision's correctness, the dispute is, which is the greatest fool, you for exclaiming in your surprise to yourself, or I in censuring you for thus exclaiming, at the same time expressing myself in the same manner. The important point whether you did see the light or no, is forgotten in the debate, and the consequence is a recriminating rejoinder on both sides.

Now, to me, seems to be the position of the combatants in the Spiritual warfare! They seem to have lost sight entirely of the starting point,—"was there a light seen," or, "are there any truthfulness in these manifestations," and to have fallen to cudgelling each other with all the powers of their souls, with the sticks and brickbats of fool, humbug, know-nothing, and any other appellation tending to arouse the vindictive ire of the assailant.

Now, is this the better way, is this the philanthropic way, is this the christian way, thus to treat the subject and each other, I would *affectionately* enquire: for I am not a belligerent between the two armies, or yet belonging to either, but a peace maker.

I accuse no one, not even you; all persons must judge for themselves how much of this contentious Spirit of personality belongs to themselves, and must apply it accordingly, but let me probe a little deeper. When the voice of argument is heard, is not the voice of reason and truth usually silent? Is not the contest rather to establish the opinion of the restrictor than to elicit truth? You reply, "no, not in my case." But have you not already formed an opinion that such and such positions cannot be valid, and that you must attempt to overthrow those opinions at the risk of being defeated in your argument. "Yes," you answer, "and that is all right." But are you not determined to hold on to them even in spite of proof. "No," you answer, "you are not." Examine yourself and see. You do not, in the first place, mean to be convinced.—You know you are right. In the second place, you are attempting to fortify yourself in your own position against the proof, instead of endeavoring to gain the truth. And in the third place, were truth presented from your opponent, so wilfully blind has your pertinence made you, that you cannot see even if you would.

Now, at the foundation lies this culpable wrong: self idolization of opinion! It may be that this opinion is false, it may be that it is correct; that is not the point at issue here; it is this. Your opponent may have equally good grounds for his belief as have you for yours! He may have investigated the subject through himself, and come to conclusions which are as philosophical to him as are yours to you. Then, how foolish for truth seekers to level their weapons at each other's opinions, even, since it may be as impossible to drive a man from a false opinion as from the truth, since that opinion to him, in his weak understanding, savors of truth. Then, return, my friend, to the question, did you see the light? Endeavor to ascertain by the laws of cause and effect, whether it were possible for you to behold a light in a darkened room where not a par-

ticke or ray of light from without could enter.—This is the question at issue, not whether you were a fool or not for saying you saw a light, for that will depend upon the fact to be proved, whether you *did* see the light.

If mankind will confine their attention to this point, *was there any light*, Spirit-manifestations will soon be traced to their true cause, and then will this war of words and strife of nothingness cease, in the knowledge which shall flow from the truth of these existing principles, which cause the phenomena of the so called Spirit-manifestations.

It affords me sincere pleasure to observe the turn of thought your work, entitled "Spirit Manifestations, Examined and Explained," has taken in the minds of many of the Spiritualists. Though they ignore the book for its assumptive title, yet it has opened to many a new field of thought, as if they had never before supposed that Spirits in the body could perform all these manifested effects which they attribute to the influence of Spirits out of the body. It also affords me pleasure to notice the conciliatory spirit in which, at least, a larger portion of the work is dictated, evidently with the design of imparting information, which was in your mind incompatible with the idea of Spirits disembodied interfering whatever in the affairs of mortals.

Now, widely as I may differ from you in some of the leading views which characterize your work, yet I do not wish you to consider me your enemy, in the least. I am not so arrayed; I wish to compare my experience with your views, and investigate, that myself and others may be able if possible to give some new ideas. There may be some features of this *internal* phenomena yet unknown to you, which if presented to you might explain some of the mysteries in which you tacitly acknowledge yourself to be involved. Far be it from me to assume the prerogative of teacher over you, but you are aware that the man sometimes learns a lesson from the ignorance of the child. So, faint would I be an instructor, in my ignorance, if, perchance, I might add one grain to the sea of knowledge with which earth is eventually to be filled. I am your friend, and as such, I subscribe myself, an enemy to no one, much less to one who, like yourself, has done so much to prepare the way of the good time coming, for I consider that the light which you have been the means of pouring upon the world by your scientific illuminations has paved the way for this very development, which is now assuming a life-like appearance and destined in its triumphant march to supplant all former luminaries in its resplendency and glory.

Permit me, then, once again, to reiterate, ere I close this, my first epistle, this assertion, that *as a friend to you*, to the whole human family, as well as to myself, do I indite this letter, and I hope ere I close this series, I shall convince you and the public, into whose hands these letters may fall, of the fact, if I have not done so already.

Thine for truth ANONYMOUS.

NO. II.

In reply to the leading idea in your work, viz: involuntary thought and motion, allow me to presuppose a case. The heart ceases to beat and respiration is superseded. Now, the involuntary powers of mind have ceased their action, and what moves the thought or will of the soul? Is it the voluntary powers which perform the part of both? The individual has become entranced, and lies as one dead for many weeks. He neither seems to inhale or exale, to perspire or respire. He neither eats, drinks, nor moves, and it is impossible to detect the least appearance of life in him. He is dead, pronounced dead by physicians, who profess to understand the functions of existence. He is shrouded for the grave and may be buried; but lo, he is restored to consciousness and rises and speaks! He informs you that during his trance, he was perfectly conscious, that he heard every word you uttered, and moreover was capable of reasoning and understanding your intentions. He assures you that every faculty of his mind was so far from being dead or dormant, so acutely intensified that he was able to apprehend all that was to be done, and to behold the deepest mysteries of Nature. You know it to be so, for he proves it to you by his recapitulation of what has transpired during his entrancement. You question him further, and ascertain that he has during his trance visited foreign nations, and can correctly relate to you their manners, customs, &c. You also ascertain that he has entered the invisible portals of the tomb, and can speak of the mysteries of a future state. You breathe your thoughts over him, and he relates them to you in detail, and your whole soul is but an outspread page of your life's existence before him.

Now, how will you dispose of this case? Are the involuntary powers suspended or not? If they are here, can they move the involuntary powers of thought while the voluntary and involuntary powers of thought, reflection, and reason are silent and dead? If they are not at rest, why has the beating of the heart ceased, respiration unperceived, and the whole system bereft of pulsation?

"Of this dilemma you may take either horn, and also reconcile these apparently strong contradictions."

intuition? Is it not the unfolding of a higher power of the mind than reason was before aware that it possessed, and hence the mistake that it is a new faculty, a spiritual sight, or something out of and beyond itself, when it is only a more interior view than ever before gained of itself, and that reason is unacquainted with it, and seeks an introduction. When this new perceptive faculty or idea has made itself recognizable by reason and the other faculties, it immediately is taken into companionship with them, and the ever-ascending mind goes into itself a little further, and brings out another still deeper, which it introduces as before, and so on continuously, each coming within the province of reason, as soon as reason begins to reason upon it. Was it not thus that animal instinct became intuitive, and is it not thus, that intuition has become the understanding in man? For in its primitive, first teachings, it is correct, but reasoned out of its truthfulness sometimes by the false reasoner, educated intuition. This conscience or intuition is a true monitor, and yet capable of being perverted or heightened in its functions by reason or the educated part of itself. If it has been educated aright, its true motions have been followed, then are its vocation and powers increased, if otherwise, then are its powers diminished.

Intuition is not a separate faculty of the mind, but the height of mind, to which the mind may be carried. It is falsely named, that which is named by phenomenologists as intuition, being the perception, rather, and the power to behold being the height to which this perception may be carried, or the degree of perception which may be attained.

This depends upon the unfolding of the other faculties not in the intuition, as has been supposed, therefore intuition is but the height to which the other faculties are unfolded, in itself being but a degree of advancement or progression.

POETRY.

And Power, too shall lend her aid,
Persuading as the slings—
Scattering our shadowed earth
Sweet music from her wings.

[From the St. Louis Morning Herald.]

SPIRITUAL POETRY.

The following characteristic lines, purporting to come from the Spirit of Dr. Franklin, were sent over written through the hand of Dr. J. C. Cooley.

When Heaven's portals I stood under,
And there received and bottled thunder;
That I did not tell the world;
But of a wily looking round,
They said such wisdom was not found
On common level.

And when I set to write the words,
To carry intellectual fire,
They were surprised,
Comparing present with the past,
They said that it was very fast,
And we would not be slow.

But when I came to speak of love,
As practiced in the spiritual way,
And say, "the tale is told,"
And that "no spirit can tell all"
A thing so vain.

But never said, for they can't know
From whom these happy things do flow,
To you,
But sooner or later, they shall find
That our instructions are all kind.

And now we come to earth again,
To try to make the way to plain;
That all may find it;
And though they call you "Child of Hell,"
That thrust against the truth and rebel.

We pay you not to tell the tale,
But leave the story to his date—
We'll rule him;
We'll give him eyes, that he may see
As we see yours may be.

And, most of all, we'll learn,
And then be able to explain,
Our aim,
And when he finds that he is free,
Then will he find the way to me.

WOMAN IN PHASE.

BY DOUGLAS.

Brothers! be ye who may—
Sons of men! I bid ye pray!
Pray unceasing—pray with might!
Pray in darkness—pray in light!

Life hath yet no hours to spare—
Life is now—and life is here!
Life is now—and life is here!
Life is now—and life is here!

Life is now—and life is here!
Life is now—and life is here!
Life is now—and life is here!
Life is now—and life is here!

Seed within the fruitful ground—
Insects in the soil—
Birds in the air—
Each hath labor for his power—
Each hath his part to play—
Each hath his part to play!

Student! in thy searching mind,
Seek the key of Heaven's bound!
Tear the lamp, and burn this oil!
Through the midnight watches toll!
Lay thy quietude to rest—
Labor! labor! work is prayer!

Patience! toiling for thy kind!
Tear the chain, and give thy hand!
Sweep the thought, and mold thy plan—
For free thought is the crown of man!
Sweep the thought, and mold thy plan—
Labor! labor! work is prayer!

Christian! round these brothers stand—
Pledge thy truth, and give thy hand!
Pledge the downy pillow to the weak!
For the weak is the crown of man!
Pledge the downy pillow to the weak!
Labor! labor! work is prayer!

Pray ye all—the night draws near—
Toll, while yet the sky is clear—
Toll, while yet the sky is clear—
Toll, while yet the sky is clear—
Toll, while yet the sky is clear—
Labor! labor! work is prayer!

THE FROST SPIRIT.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

He comes, he comes—the Frost Spirit comes!
You may trace his footsteps now,
On the naked woods and blasted fields,
And the brown hills wither'd trees,
He has snatched the leaves of the grey old trees,
Where the pines and firs stand tall,
And the winds that follow where he goes,
Have shaken them down to the earth.

He comes, he comes—the Frost Spirit comes!
From the frozen Labrador,
From the icy north, the northern seas,
Where the white bear wanders free,
Where the Eskimo's tent is still with ice,
And the locks of the atmosphere
In the sunless cold of the atmosphere
Into the northern stars go by!

He comes, he comes—the Frost Spirit comes!
And the quiet lake shall feel
The cold touch of his shining breath,
And the ring of the skater's heel;
And the streams which danced on the broken rocks,
Or sang to the leaping gull,
Shall low again to their winter chain,
Or sing to the leaping gull.

He comes, he comes—the Frost Spirit comes!
He comes to meet him as we may,
And turn him to ice the laborer's grave,
His evil power away;
And gather round the circle round,
And the fire light in the hearth,
And laugh at the shiver of the bedded dead,
As his soul's wings go by!

SINGULAR PHENOMENA.

Mr. Editor: By the request of friends, I am induced to make the following brief statement of facts relative to my little daughter, for the benefit of the public.

On or about the middle of November last, she was taken strangely ill, while at the table washing dishes, with a singular short breathing, which indicated distress and gave us considerable alarm.

Dr. S. C. Cooley was soon on hand and examined her with care and skill; being at a loss to detect her disease, he acknowledged he did not know what to make of her case.

These singular spells continued at intervals, but did not disturb her from the usual hours of sleep. The next day Drs. Tabor and Cooley re-examined her, but both being at a loss to comprehend her disease, administered some simple medicine, hoping

thereby soon to be able to ascertain what it was, by which they might be able to treat it with more fidelity. After a suitable lapse of time, Dr. Tabor called again, but at equal loss to comprehend what was forthcoming.

Next we called on Dr. J. Dodge, who is celebrated for his clairvoyant prescriptions. He has proved a wonder of the world, both to himself and others. Mr. Dodge is an excellent clairvoyant; a man of great sympathy, and filled with human kindness.

For the time while Dr. Dodge was examining her, her spasmodic affections all ceased, and she appeared quite as well as usual. But he discovered in her a nervous affection, and prescribed a syrup and some other affixes, which seemed to quiet the nerves and helped to restore the functions of the system somewhat, by which we had hopes of her regaining an equilibrium, and thus be able to control herself.

But on the day following, she was taken suddenly ill, and was worse than at any previous time;—could not be kept on the bed, had to be held by two or three members of the family—coiling, twisting, and turning herself into all manner of shapes. Sometimes throwing her head back as if by upon her face, with her feet curled back so as almost form a hoop, the chest extended up. At other times up and about the room, calling for a knife to cut something in two, making motions about her neck, &c., with all these numerous freaks of making mouths, making her shadow, and various other singular contortions; would go to bed and rest over night perfectly well.

These singular feats continued, with numerous others, too numerous to mention here, such as the running the tongue out of the mouth, and then drawing it down the throat, spreading the mouth open, fixing the jaws in a rigid, set condition, rolling the eyes back, &c., &c., although Dr. Roberson was called on, whose lengthy practice, both of the Allopathy as well as the Homoeopathy, entitled him to some ability to judge of the most acute diseases.

But all these Doctors were evidently in the back ground. They are men of honor and fidelity. No one need doubt but what they used their skill, and manifested their energy, and probably did as well as any others could have done.

With all these singular exercises she complained of no pain, but when possessing her natural self, would say, "Ma, what makes me feel so?" We would ask her how she felt, and she would seem to be at a loss to describe her feelings.

These singular phenomena had continued some two weeks, when we discovered a singular shaking of the hand, like that of a writing medium. Curiosity led us to put a slate and pencil on the bed; soon her hand caught it and began to write. Behold, the secret was now exposed; but we hardly dared to believe the facts, although we had some knowledge of Spiritualism, and began to hope it might not result in anything worse.

Some five weeks have elapsed since the phenomena commenced, about half of that time since she evidently became a Spiritual medium, through which we have received some astonishing communications from our departed relatives, as well as a variety of all kinds of phenomena from numerous other characters, who profess to be of other nations.

This is but a short detail of the many transactions that have taken place within the last five weeks. But hoping that some others, who may find themselves in a similar dilemma, may be profited, and perhaps saved much of the afflictions we have ignorantly suffered, before the Spirits got the control, so as to thwart the designs of our ignorance, is the reason of giving this to the public.

We have just made several psychometrical experiments which seem to be of an extraordinary character. She sees and converses with Spirits in her natural state, often telling what they are saying, or what they wish said to others. However strange these things may appear to the many, we find ourselves very much relieved by returning that kind of treatment that belongs to the list of human kindness.

My daughter was ten years of age the thirteenth day of August last, and of rather a slender constitution; having had the measles some two years since, and being left in rather a delicate state of health, we had much to fear and little to hope for. But now the scene is changed. She is frequently magnetized, and goes about the house to work, doing much more than we dare to ask of her;—when she awakes from her magnetic reverie, she seems to be rested and strengthened, and is evidently gaining health.

What the world may think of this, we know not; but facts need no disguising, as believers and skeptics have had an opportunity of judging in this matter. We take the liberty to give this brief statement which you are at liberty to publish if you think proper. Hannah S. Pickett is my daughter's name, and of the age above stated. As the phenomena have been witnessed by multitudes, I hand it over without further comment.

ISAAC PICKETT.

Yours for the Truth,

L. Bran, Scriber.

Auburn, Dec. 16, 1854.

BIBLE DOCTRINES.

WAR AND SERVITUDE.

[This is one member of a series of articles on Bible Doctrines.]

THESE two subjects cannot be too seriously or judiciously contemplated, and especially the Bible aspects of them. To do this properly, we must take the most extended views of the Divine economy and objects our narrow limits and capacities will admit of. War and oppression, or servitude, have been enough in our day; but if we believe the Bible and contemporaneous histories, we live in an age of comparative peace, justice, and harmony. May the Lord grant much improvement yet, and that soon.

That we have good grounds for believing, especially the Bible accounts of those infringements of harmony, peace, and justice, is evident; for the Bible, as a whole, professes to lead mankind from such things toward a state of most elevated peace, harmony, justice, and felicity, and we never believe a witness to speak more truthfully than when giving testimony of facts directly opposed to his present interests and wishes, or a sinner when confessing his previous crimes. We therefore set down as true, what the Bible says of the customs and practices of those times, so perfectly discordant with the peaceful and humane tone of its later precepts, and are strongly inclined to believe contemporaneous histories of the devastations and outrages of the ancients.

But the Bible, in part at least, claims to have been dictated by the spirit of the Creator himself! and in some places He is represented as not only permitting, but actually commanding some of the most devastating wars, abject servitudes, and dreadful oppressions which the history of the world has ever recorded!! How can this be reconciled with

the character of Him "who is good to all, and whose tender mercies are over all his works?" Ps. cxiv. 9. It is true that the legitimate effects of all causes are the Creator's works, and thus that all deaths are by pestilence, famine, earthquakes, accidents, disease, old age, &c., &c., are as much His works as if He had commanded an army of men to slay them; and that if, in the order of Nature, death in any form ought to take place, it matters little how the facts are brought about, so the sufferings under them are not unnecessarily aggravated. As the Creator must be held as the best Judge of this, we take the truth to be, that He has a perfect right to choose His own methods of doing His own business, without being implicated by men who are not responsible for results that take place. But this abstract reasoning does not satisfy the finite philosophic inquirer, who wishes to see more as the Allwise sees the causes and the effects of things. As far as our opportunities and abilities will admit, we will state our views.

We profess to worship a God of Love divine, (1 John iv. 8, 16,) and trust shall never find nor worship any other. We believe it was in infinite Love and Wisdom that He made the world, for the sensible good and eternal felicity of His creatures, whom He placed upon it with the injunction, "Be fruitful and multiply."—Gen. i. 28. He gave to the animal and vegetable creations the powers of abundant increase. This was doubtless necessary to the development of the whole, as seen by His boundless love, wisdom, and mercy. Would it be better if the powers of multiplication were abridged in any of them? Were the vegetables to be made to bear less seeds, would animals or man be properly fed? And were debarred from increase, would not their own satisfactions, and their abilities to minister to the good of the human race, be cut off? Who can say they would not? Who can say that creation could progress in development without those powers? Were the human powers of increase much lessened, would there be sufficient young to sustain and comfort the old and carry on the proper developments of social life, requiring a large share of youthful vivacity to make society agreeable?

We take, also, this position, that immortality and not mortality, and eternal bliss for finite creatures, and not a checkered life on earth, were the grand controlling ends the Creator had before Him; and that to increase sensible existence that might eternally enjoy, was His object in giving forth the all-sustaining command—"multiply." We will from this stand-point view creation in its varied aspects, as nearly in the direction that He saw the effects of these powers, and concomitant results, as we can.

It might seem to the critic eye, that the destiny or design of seeds must be to sprout, grow, and produce more seeds, and that to make food of them is a subversion of the objects of creation; and that the Bible makes the Creator infringe His own order of creation, when He gave every "herb bearing seed to every beast for food." The same kind of criticism with which some other parts of the Bible are scanned, might with equal propriety raise an objection because it supposes the Creator to allow seed to be eaten without first being planted and growing to bear more seeds.

Let us try this blessed principle of vegetable increase by which men and animals are fed, without which universal famine would depopulate the earth; or rather, without which it never could be peopled. It is claimed that the earth contains near fifty-two millions of square miles of land surface, or about thirty-three thousand millions of acres. Let us suppose all this to be one fertile field, capable of producing thirty bushels of Indian corn to the acre. One bushel of corn will plant ten acres.—First year's yield, three hundred bushels; enough to plant three thousand acres the second year, and yield ninety thousand bushels! The fourth crop would be eight thousand and one hundred millions of bushels, or enough to plant all over two and a half such worlds as this, for the fifth year! It may thus be seen, that one grain or one seed of any kind would soon require, not only the whole of our earth for the fulfilling of its own seeming destiny, but the addition of more worlds than there are stars visible in the sky of night! This would be to suppose that nothing else could grow or enjoy life, much less come to its ultimate destiny.

Now let us try the animal creation. We will take what many men call staple animals—hogs, and suppose, if well cared for, and unrestrained, they would produce ten the first year, one hundred the next, &c. Many multiply more than ten-fold; and some animals, as rabbits, more than three times that. Let that hog's progeny go on eleven years, and you have one hundred thousand millions of hogs, in a state of starvation, even if they could live and let the whole land-surface of the earth be one fertile cornfield! The unrestrained increase of any kind of animal would almost at once root out every other form of life from the earth, and die self-destruction.

Then, let us try the unrestrained procreation of men. It is known that, under favorable circumstances, men will double in every thirty years! We have done it in the United States, notwithstanding we have had two destructive wars, direful pestilences, abject slavery and oppression, besides many accidents by sea and land. In 1790, we numbered 3,929,827 souls. Supposing us to double by 1820, and again double by 1850, by procreation, it would amount to 15,719,308. Take this from 23,476,468, what the census of 1850 gave, and it leaves 7,756,160 for foreign immigration; so that it is safe to say that, under reasonably favorable circumstances, men will, by procreation alone, double every thirty years. Let us then take a view from this stand-point.

Some have contended that the Bible chronology of the race is much too short. That men existed long before we read of Adam and Eve. We shall not argue this point, but we will presently show that the older they presume the race to be, the more restraints they must in justice allow the Allwise to have imposed, in clemency, upon human increase, to prevent the total starvation or entire destruction of the race, whether they like or dislike His modes of restraint.

Nine hundred years—only nine hundred years, before the days of Joshua, the inhabitants of the earth (so says the Bible) was, by a great overthrow, reduced to eight persons!! We ask not eight; we ask for only a single pair to be saved alive at the time of the deluge, and let them double every thirty years, as we in the United States, are doing, to the time of Joshua, and largely over one thousand millions of people would be the offspring of that single pair!! That is more than we claim for the present number of inhabitants of the whole earth; and as the Bible gives us three starting points, to suppose the earth not more populous in Joshua's time than now, is to suppose two-thirds of the powers of procreation to have been restrained!! And by what? We answer, by the immutable laws of God's holy order, called the laws of Nature; for wars thinned them; pestilence cut them down; famines starved them; oppressions disheartened them; infant deaths destroyed them; and

besides these, many more ways and means did the infinite wisdom of God use in mercy, to preserve the race even unto this day!! "His mercies are infinite, and the means of that mercy are, like that mercy, infinite," was wisely observed by one of our olden time.

The stand-point from which we started was, that immortality and not mortality; with felicity, and not misery in that immortality, was, and is, and ever will be, the object, end, and aim of the Allwise Creator, in forming His creatures and giving them the powers of procreation. This being conceded, their rapid ingress into and egress from this rudimentary state, so that it be rapid and not unnecessarily painful, was the desideratum to be obtained; and not any particular mode of living within the precincts of mortality, or egress out of it. The end to be obtained was that many, many, many should be brought into a state of existence, so as to enjoy eternal felicity; and not so much the mode and manner of introduction into it. The modes and manner of living, enjoying, or suffering in earth-life, is of little or no importance compared with the fact of an immortal existence being really commenced.

[To be continued.]

From the Age of Progress.

WONDERS AT KOONS'S SPIRIT ROOM.

The gentleman who communicates the following account of extraordinary manifestations, at Koons's Spirit Room, in Athens county, Ohio, is too well known to all our city readers to require a word from us as to his truthfulness or his intellectual capacity. To our distant readers, it may not be deemed unnecessary to say, that Mr. STEPHEN DUDLEY is the head of the well-known firm of S. Dudley & Sons, in this city; that high-toned moral sentiments and the most scrupulous regard to veracity, are his prominent characteristics; and that his is not the order of intellect which can be easily deceived, deluded or stultified.—Editor.

BUFFALO, Dec. 15th, 1854.

FRIEND ALBION.—Having made the visit to Koons's Spirit Room, in Athens county, Ohio, is too well known to all our city readers to require a word from us as to his truthfulness or his intellectual capacity. To our distant readers, it may not be deemed unnecessary to say, that Mr. STEPHEN DUDLEY is the head of the well-known firm of S. Dudley & Sons, in this city; that high-toned moral sentiments and the most scrupulous regard to veracity, are his prominent characteristics; and that his is not the order of intellect which can be easily deceived, deluded or stultified.—Editor.

Our company consisted of four persons. All but myself were from the city of New York. They were Mr. COLEMAN, the celebrated telegrapher, and two ladies who refuse to have their names published. We left Buffalo by railroad, on Monday morning, Nov. 25th, and arrived at Koons's Spirit Room on the following Wednesday at noon. The incidents of a railroad journey would be of no interest to your readers; and you so recently gave a description of the way, and of the Spirit-Room, and its environs, in the account which you copied from the *Cleveland Universe*, that a repetition of it would be superfluous. It may not be amiss to observe that, from Columbus, Ohio, to the Spirit Room, is seventy-two miles of very unpleasant stage road.

Prior to our arrival at the Spirit-Room, there had been arrangements made for a public meeting, for that evening. At the appointed time—seven o'clock—there was quite a crowd, composed principally of near-dwelling citizens, some of whom were believers and some skeptics, the latter being in the majority. We being strangers, were, by the politeness of Mr. Koons, provided with comfortable seats, in an eligible position. It was a very inhospitable party; but the Spirits did all they promised to do. After we were seated, Mr. Koons gave the usual prayer, and then, in a low and confidential tone, which the Spirits announced their presence by a tremendous blow on the bass drum. It sounded almost like the discharge of a cannon. Then commenced what seemed to be the charging, by the Spirits of the electrical apparatus, which was described in the communication which you copied from the *Cleveland Universe*. In this charging, the large table on which the apparatus stood, shook like a tree in a gale of wind. A revivall was then beaten by the Spirits, on the tenor and baritone drums, and the music of the Spirits, Mr. Koons gave a variety of musical instruments, some hanging up and others lying on the tables. Upon the table at which we were seated, were two violins.—Mr. K. took up one of them and drew the bow on it. Immediately the Spirits accompanied him on the other violin and other instruments. Mr. K. then asked the Spirits for a vocal accompaniment, which they immediately gave; and I think, if anything can give an idea of heaven on earth, it must be this. It was a most beautiful and celestial music, and was accompanied by the Spirits, who were seated, were two violins.—Mr. K. took up one of them and drew the bow on it. Immediately the Spirits accompanied him on the other violin and other instruments. 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